I'm A Fucking VIP!

Author: Aristidel

Bands: Metallica

Characters: James Hetfield, Lars Ulrich

Relationships: *N/A*

Rating: Non-adult

Genre: [Gen,Slash]

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None

Author's Notes:
A drabble of my Airport Chronicles:)

„You ready?" James asked.

"Absolutely," Lars proudly answered. "Belt, shoes, mobile phone. Everything's inside those boxes."

"Sure? I don't want you to blame us again. We're just ordinary guys inside a metal detector."

"I'm no ordinary guy, I'm a VIP," Lars hissed. "VIPs can pass EVERY detector without problems."

James just groaned.

He passed the detector without problems.

Next was Lars, grinning self-confidently.

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP.

"FUCK!"

A security guy patted Lars up and down then pulled something out of Lars' jeans-pocket.

Ordinary car-keys.

Lars' face reddened.

After he had passed the detector again, James hissed at him: "No ordinary guy, my ass."